

we don't mention mimi anymore

by Bear Weaver

we spoke of her just once mama
& god knows you never will again
but will you speak of me again
or prop me over the television
waiting cradling our dog's ashes
beside your father's hollow memory
tucked safely in the telltale arms
of mimi's brown-tar beautiful ghost
beneath your precious holy lie
that everything happens for its godly reason
mama do you love me?
mama don't hang up—